

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 328.

JUNE ROSES.

BY EBEN E. RExford.

There's a gleam of red in the garden,
And a breath of balm on the breeze,
And a cluster of roses
Are blossoming under the trees.
Of all the flowers of the summer
None are so sweet as these.

But there comes a pain with the fragrance
Out of the heart of the rose;
A memory, tender with sorrow,
Of one who no sorrow knows,
Who walked with me, only last summer,
And gave me a red June rose.

And she gave me her heart with the flower.
Oh, never a finer than blows
Is sweet as the heart of a darling,
That she gave me with a rose.
Darling, the blossoms have faded,
But your heart no fading knows!

I bend o'er these royal blossoms,
A-swing by the garden-wall,
And my heart is astir in my bosom
As it heard your call.
Where are you, oh, my darling,
Sweetest June rose of all?

Oh, my love! like a summer blossom
You do bloom in my bosom still.
Died, but the heart you gave me
I hold in my keeping still!
I shall keep it forever and ever;
Mine through all good and ill!

But I fancy each fallen blossom
Will some day blossom again,
And the hopes that died with the roses,
Like the hopes of so many men,
Will come back in the June of Heaven,
And then, oh, my darling—then!

LA MASQUE,

The Vailed Sorceress;

OR,
THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

A TALE OF ILLUSION, DELUSION, AND MYSTERY.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "THE TWINS SISTERS,"
"AN AWFUL MYSTERY,"
"ERMINE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE COT PAGE.

The search was given over at last in despair, and the doctor took his hat and disappeared. Sir Norman and Ormiston stopped in the lower hall and looked at each other in mute amaze.

"What can it all mean?" asked Ormiston, appealing to the society at large to that he was bewildered.

"I haven't the faintest idea," said Sir Norman, distractingly; "only I am pretty certain, if I don't find her, I shall do something so desperate that the police will be a trial equalled to it!"

"It seems almost impossible that she can have been carried off—doesn't it?"

"If she has!" exclaimed Sir Norman; "and I find out the abductor, he won't have a whole bone in his body two months hence."

"It is more impossible that she can have gone of herself," pursued Ormiston, with the air of one entering upon an abstruse subject, and taking a hood whatever of his companion's marginal notes.

"Done of herself? Is she mad?" inquired Sir Norman, with a start. Fifteen minutes before, he left her dead, or in a dead swoon, which is all the same in Greek, and yet he talks of her getting up and going off herself!"

"In fact, the only way to get at the bottom of the mystery," said Ormiston, "is to go in search of her. She is, I suppose, is out of the question."

"Of course it is! I shall never sleep again till I find her!"

They passed out, and Sir Norman this time took the precaution of turning the key, thereby fulfilling the adage of the old stable door when the steed was in. The room had grown darker and hotter; and as they walked along the clock of St. Paul's tolled nine.

"And now, where shall we go?" inquired Sir Norman, as he rapidly hurried on.

"I could recommend visiting the house where we found her; if not there, then we can try the pest-house."

Sir Norman shuddered.

"Heaven forefend she should be there!" It is the most mysterious thing I have heard of!"

"We go to think now of La Masque's prediction—Dare you doubt still?"

"Ormiston, I don't know what to think. It is the same face I saw, and yet—"

"Well—and yet?"

"I can tell you I am fairly bewildered. If we don't find her body in our own house, I have half a mind to apply to your friend, La Masque, again."

"The wisest thing could you do, dear fellow. If any one knows your unfortunate beloved's whereabouts, it is La Masque, depend upon it."

"And I verily believe we will not find La Masque at home. She wanders through the streets at all hours, but particularly affects the night."

"And then, as I couldn't tell them, they went to see for themselves, and shortly after came out with a body wrapped in a sheet, which they put in a peasant's going by, and had it buried, I suppose, with the rest of the place-pit."

"The stranger fairly staggered back, and caught a pillar near for support. For nearly ten minutes he stood perfectly motionless, and then, without a word, started up and walked rapidly away. The friends looked after him curiously till he was out of sight."

"So she is not there," said Ormiston; "and our mysterious friend in the cloak is as much at a loss as we ourselves. Where shall we go next—to La Masque—or the pest-house?"

"She may be there, nevertheless; and, under present circumstances, it is the best place for her."

"Don't talk of it!" said Sir Norman, impatiently.

"I do not and will not believe she is there. If so, I will believe I shall jump in headforemost."

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"My voice! Then you heard me speak—probably to the watchman guarding a plague-stricken house?"

"Indeed! and what possible interest could the subject have for you, may I ask?"

"A deeper one than you think!" said Sir Norman, with a slight tremor in his voice as he thought of the lady whom he had been man told you the lady you sought for had been carried away dead, and turned into the plague-pit!"

"Well," cried the stranger, starting violently, "and was it not true?"

"Only partly. She was carried away in the post-carriage, though, but she was not thrown into the plague-pit!"

"And why?"

"Because when on reaching that horrible spot, she was found to be alive!"

"Good Heaven! And what then?"

"Then the animal Sir Norman, in a tone almost exalted as his own—"she was brought to the house of a friend, and left alone for a few minutes, while that friend went in search of a doctor. On returning they found her—where do you think?"

"Where?"

"Gone!" said Sir Norman, emphatically, "spirit-ed away by some mysterious agency; for she was dying of the plague, and could not possibly stir hand or foot herself."

"Dying of the plague, oh, Leoline!" said the stranger, a voice full of pity and horror, while for a moment he covered his face with his hands.

"So her name is Leoline?" said Sir Norman to himself, "I have found that out, and also that this gentleman, whatever he may be to his igno-
rants of us—what ails him? He seems in trouble, too. I wonder if he really happens to be her husband?"

The stranger suddenly lifted his head, and favored Sir Norman with a long and searching look.

"How come you to know all this, Sir Norman Kingsley?" asked the stranger.

"How now come you to know my name?" demanded Sir Norman, very much amazed, notwithstanding his assertion that nothing would astonish him more.

"That is of no consequence! Tell me how you've learned this?" repeated the stranger, in a tone of almost stern authority.

Sir Norman started and stared. That voice he had heard it a thousand times! It had evidently been disguised before; but now, in the excitement of the moment, the stranger was perfectly clear, and it became more familiar. But where had he seen it? For the life of him, Sir Norman could not tell, yet it was as well known to him as his own. It had the tone, too, of one far more used to command than entreaty; and Sir Norman, instead of getting angry, as he felt he ought to have done, merely conning the mysterious count to Old Nick. He swallowed another glass of sack, and quit thinking about him.

So at last had Sir Norman been in his own musing, as he had, that he had not noticed whatever to those around him, and had nearly forgotten their very presence, when one of them, with a loud cry, sprung to his feet, and then fell writhing to the floor. The others in dismay, gathered about him, but the next instant fell back with a cry of pain.

In short there was no end driving himself inwardly conning the mysterious count to Old Nick. He swallowed another glass of sack, and quit thinking about him.

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The night was now profoundly dark; but Sir Norman knew the road and ruin well, and, drawing his sword, walked resolutely on. The distance between it and the ruin was trifling, and in less than half an hour it loomed up before him, a mass of deeper black and gloomier.

No white vision was visible, save the light of the campfire which La Masque had spoken of, and passing carelessly from one ancient chamber to another, stumbling over piles of rubbish and stones he went, he reached it at last. Descending gingerly its tortuous steepness he found himself in the moldering vaults, and, as he trod thither his ears were filled by the sound of faint voices far off.

Proceeding further, he heard distinctly mingled with it, the murmur of voices and laughter, and through the chinks in the broken flags, he perceived a few faint rays of light.

Remembering the directions of La Masque, and fearing intensely curiously, he crept forward, and, as he passed the loose flagstones until he found one he could raise; he pushed it partly aside, and, lying flat on the stones, with his face to the aperture, Sir Norman beheld a most wonderful sight.

"(To be continued—commenced in No. 327.)

"Oh, Lord! be merciful! sir, it's Caliban; and the only wonder is, he did not leave you a bleeding corpse at his feet!"

"I should like to see him try it. Perhaps he will. Where does he come from? who is he?"

The landlord leaned over the counter, and placed a very pale and startled face close to Sir Norman's.

"That's just what I wanted to tell you, sir, but I was afraid to speak before him. I think he lives up in the same place as I do."

"At least he is often seen hanging around there; but people are too much afraid of him to ask him any questions. Ah, sir, it's a strange place that run, and there be strange stories afoot about it,"

"What about him? inquire Sir Norman.

"I should like to know all about him."

"Well, sir, for one thing, some folks say it is haunted over the queer lights and noises about it, sometimes; but again, there be other folks, sir, that say the ghosts are alive, and that he's nodding toward the door—" is a sort of ringleader among them.

"And who are they that cut up such cantrips in the old place, pray?"

"Lord only knows, sir. I'm sure I don't. I never go near it myself; but there are others who have, and some of them tell of the most beautiful lady, in a gown of blue, which hangs, who walks on the battlements moonlight nights."

"A beautiful lady, all in white, with long, black hair!" Why, that description applies to Leoline exactly.

And Sir Norman gave a violent start, and arose to protest to the place directly.

"Don't you go near it, sir!" said the host, warningly.

"Others have gone, as he told you, and never come back; for these be dreadful times, and men do they please. Between the plague and their wickedness, the Lord only knows what will become of us."

"If I should return here for my horse in an hour or two I suppose I can get him?" said Sir Norman, as he turned toward the door.

"It's likely you can, sir, if I'm not dead by that time," said the landlord, as he sunk down again, grunting dimly with his chin between his hands.

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Sir Norman looked wistfully up at them; but neither was there any ungracious dwarf, with two-edged sword, guarding the ruined entrance; and Sir Norman passed undisturbed through the spot.

Again the landlord glanced fearfully at the fiery eyes in the corner, and again hesitated.

"Well," exclaimed Sir Norman, more surprised and impudent than his host, "I can't say, but I want you to tell me all about it."

"Twenty-five to-day," groaned the man.

"Oh, Lord! what will become of us?"

"You see, we're all disengaged," said Sir Norman, offering out a glass of wine and handing it to him.

"Just drink this, and don't borrow trouble. They say sack is a sure specific against the plague."

Mine host drained the bumper, and wiped his mouth with another hollow groan.

"I thought that, sir, I'll be sober from one week to the next, but I know well enough I will be in a plague-pit in less than a week. Oh, Lord, have mercy on us!"

"Amen!" said Sir Norman, impatiently.

"If fear has not taken away your wits, my good sir, will you pardon me if I take the liberty of returning the compliment, and ask you a few in return?"

"Certainly! pray proceed, Sir Norman," said the stranger, more easily; "you are at liberty to ask as many questions as you please, and—so am I to answer them!"

"I answered all yours unhesitatingly, and you owe it to me to do the same," said Sir Norman, somewhat haughtily.

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happened to be, there was a power in his good-natured, comical face, and his extravagant, humorous speech, that kept down distrust of evil motives.

"I would like to know, Kit," Tom said, "why you ever happened to be among the robbers."

"Well, sir; the straight of the story, if we run it back to the place of beginnin'," he said, ejecting a volley of tobacco-juice forward over his horse's head, "dates January the tenth, Am'y Dominy eighteen hundred an' fifteen. Old aunt Peggy Bandy, as the folks called her, was originator of the hull affair, and a leetle, long-legged baby war heard to sound its bugle one mornin' of the aforesaid year, in the Bandy cabin; and from that day on little Kit had an existence. After a few years dandlin' around on all the old weemin's laps in Oak Holler, and huggin', and squeezin', and kissin' among the little folks, I bloomed out into a real, likely tow-headed boy. Then I started to school—that place of fun and frolic. After passin' through a few years ear-pullin', jig-dancin' and fly-killin' at school, I made a bulge and come out a young man with a sprinklin' of luck among the female gender, and a light set of whiskers. Time passed on and I got my full set; then I began to cast about me for some trade or profession. Fust I tried stage-drivin', but that didn't gee; so I next tried shoemaking, but I couldn't larn to drive a peg to save my sole. So next I started a grocery down at the Cross Roads, but as whisky war the only thing in demand in that risticratic district, I couldn't stand it; so I give away what flour I had on hands, drunk up my stock of whisky at cost, and took to the ministry. This kin the nightest of any of them bein' the shoe that fit. But, I couldn't stand the pressure of four revivals a year—too much kissin' and huggin'. I wouldn't a' minded it so much if the work 'd been done by them as you like; but, if that war an ugly old tarmagant of a woman in the congregation, she was surer than thunder to monopolize the best kissin' and huggin' position in the Black Hills, Kit?" Tom asked.

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The young miners followed his directions, inasmuch as it was their previous intention to take the course, and then he resumed his story.

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"She knew dunred well she couldn't jump to the tree, and so did I; and that's why I asked her. But the next minute the roof floated off with Sabina upon it, and as she went a-scuddin' down the valley, I groaned out and bid her farewell.

"Bless God for the torrent, 'war the awful critter's reply; 'it will be a divorce to me. You'll soon be drowned out of that tree, while I'll float down to the flats and call out some one to my rescue,' and away she went, hollerin' back fur as I could hear, settin' bolt upright on the roof with her hair a-flyin' and a-whippin' in the wind. The thunder tossed and tumbled overhead; the wind whistled and screamed like a hundred Sabinas; the lightnin' licked the sky with a thousand forked, quiverin' tongues of fire, and the torrent roared awfully. But fur as I could see, Sabina was herself, and shakin' her fist back at me—now and then takin' turns with the storm-winds to tryin' to laugh like a maniac. But, finally she disappeared, a speck in the distance. Wal, t'make the story short'er: I weren't drowned, as the sweet-scented Sabina had hoped, for the water went down, and so did I. But that weren't a corner-stun of the Bandys' palacial residence left; and so in order to leave the impression that we war both drowned, for I knew Sabe would be, I made myself sedom in Hellabolo Gulch, and after five years knockin' about, I drew up in Austin, Nevada. Thar I figgered lively for a spell; shawed up a few Ingins, knocked the stuffin' out of a few Chinamen, and otherwise regulated things in that immoral, corrupt place. The

(To be continued—commenced in No. 324.)

The Cross of Carlyon:
OR,
THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.
A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.
THE PLOTTERS AT WORK.

We return to the house of Arly & Arly. Though the building was dark without and silent within, a dim light burned in the apartment adjoining the parlor, in which had transpired another bold plan concerning Christabel.

Preston Arly and his hoary mustached son sat grimly at a red-covered table. The former leaned far back in his seat, till his pointed chin nigh touched his shirt-stud, limbs elongated outward, and snaky arms folded tight over his narrow breast; the latter sat upright, rigid, frowning, one set of fingers drumming noiselessly on his knee-cap, and his eyes wandering at impatient intervals toward the window—a window overlooking a courtway at the side, leading west from a street which, on the city map, appears without a name. Their attitude was statue-like, but in the faces was a simile expression of expectation.

Christabel had disbursed immediately upon the departure of her guests; the attendant maid was slumbering in the room next to the apartments of her mistress.

But sleep came reluctantly to Christabel. Like Gerard Vance, her mind was confused over those developments which had not been foreseen in the programme of the evening.

"A' right. Can't stand up, sit down lie'l bit

next criminal act I did war to fall in love again."

"Again?" exclaimed Idaho Tom, "after your former experience in love matters?"

"Yes, again, durned ole fool that I war. But I could not help it. Hagar Ann Forgot just frown right to me, and what else could I do? Then, to acknowledge the fact, she resembled my lost Sabina, more or less. She war better-lookin', though, than Sabe ever war; and much handsomer. She had coal-black hair—Sabe had red-fair complexion and some accomplishments. She war far more refined than old Sabe, and never got drunk nor swore even if she did lose a hand at poker. But to shorten up again, we war married one day, and just as I war about to plant the weddin' kiss on her lips, what should she do but draw back with clenched fists and glarin' eyes, that revived thoughts of my lost darlin' and exclaim: 'Nary kiss, you dasted, ornery old hypocrite! nary kiss, Kit Bandy! I've worked, and plotted, and planned, and dyed my hair, and powdered my complexion these years to bring about this, old blind fool. Ha! ha! if ye don't 'scape the torrent, you won't 'scape the vengeance of a wronged, deserted wife—no, you won't, you old—but, boys, I didn't stay there to hear any more, but I did escape the vengeance of that woman—that very old Sabine, the deceivin' critter. Great horn of Joshua! how fine she played Hagar Ann Forgot. But I pulled up and left Austin and went over to Varginny city, whar I became another man—settled down, war elected justice of the peace, and called Squire Bandy. Finally I left there, and the tide of old time tossed me up here 'mong Prairie's band, whar I've been doin' some huntin', some minin', and—"

"Some stealin'," added Darcy Cooper.

"As that's a heaven, I never stole a thing from an honest man in my life; nor has Prairie Paul been doin' much thievin' since I've been with him—more minin' than anything else."

"What is your opinion of the gold quest in the Black Hills, Kit?" Tom asked.

"Haydoogins of gold thar to be had for the diggin', Paul and the men have paanned out severals dollars a day to the man. They'll make a big thing of it yet if the sojers don't find 'em out and hist 'em. I tell ye they war mighty uneasy 'bout you fellers: they war afraid you'd strike a lead, communicate the fact outside, and then bring in others. It war all I could do to help Aree to save your lives."

"Who's Aree?" quizzed Tom.

"Why, the angel that descended in the fine wire basket and liberated you in the sojer's camp, that's who. She's the pet of the band, and—"

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"Yes; her father wanted to know whar your camp was, so he ordered her to dress up like an angel and go down in the invisible wire elevator and cut your bonds while the sojers slept. Then she war to invoke the blessing of some saint, and make the sign of the cross on your breast and back. The last was to be made with phosphorus, arranged handily on the haff of her knife, so's its shine would guide us to your camp. She didn't want to do it, but when her father told her he would shoot you dead whar you sat confined unless she did, why, she consented to go down. I also promised her that I'd see that you got off safe, and so down she went, the brave, fearless angel, in the wire elevator, which is worked by a pulley on the ledge above."

"Exactly," replied Tom, with an air of satisfaction; "that ledge you speak of is concealed among the tree-tops, and leads into a cavern."

"Precisely, and a magnificant place it is, capt'in." "A thin wreath of smoke rising in that vicinity is what drew me up there, and got me into trouble."

"Indeedy! Well, you may thank your stars that you got away—Harkie! harkie!"

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As she lay in the pitchy darkness, she went back, in fancy, through fifteen years, while memory brought up the picture of childhood and its brief sweet pleasures of the life at Lochwood. Solitude gave freer vent to such meditation, there was not the glitter and gossiping intrusion of a gay company to distract the panorama of imagery.

Could she ever forget the Jerome Harrison of those days—or forget how, in her youthful eloquence, she had clung to him in every word and impulse?

Yes, she had loved him then; perhaps, with all the eventful years that had multiplied since that happy time—and the ever changing life that had almost blotted out the recollection of childhood's sunny days—perhaps there was some of the old ardor left, a whispering deep down in the recesses of the heart, that might mean affection now.

"Jerome—Jerome Harrison," she breathed, lowly, "I have never known what it was to love, since those dear, dear days. I feel—I scarce know how. Am I a child again? Am I loving you as I used to? Am I as precious to you as I was? Pshaw! what am I talking about?"

But it seemed all so strange, so wonderful—their meeting in such a way—that for a long time the influence of these emotions was supplanting by consideration of the accident of fate, and Gerard Vance's significant words in regard to Preston Arly and her father.

Thus an hour went by. Gradually she sunk to repose, sunk to fitful, undecipherable dreams, in which she saw the Jerome of earlier time, and seemed to hear again the warning he had at last the guest.

Christabel was not mistaken in the sound resemblance between the two. She was surer than thunder to monopolize the best kissin' and huggin' position in the Black Hills, Kit?" Tom asked.

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COUNTRY AND CITY LIFE.

VIZ.:

BLACK EYES AND BLUE;

or,

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity,

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

soon to be given, will excite much remark. It is not only a story of rare power and strength as to person, passion, incident and plot, but is so full of tenderness and sweetness and of woman's *unconfessed* beauty of life, thought and feeling, that it will both enchain attention and command admiration. We publish it with real pleasure, and readers will heartily thank us for adding Miss Cushman to our unequalled corps of writers.

We shall soon give our readers the long promised

Sequel to Lance and Lasso,

VIZ.:

THE SWORD HUNTERS;

or,

The Land of the Elephant Riders.

BY CAPT. FRED'K. WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASO," "RED RAJAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN," ETC., ETC.

An announcement which hosts of readers will receive with enthusiasm. It is a very delightful story of boys' sport, exploits and adventure in a strange land—full of exciting interest and highly edifying in the information which it imparts of a little known country.

Buffalo Bill is off for the seat of the Sioux War, in Wyoming. Government has called the great scout, guide and Indian-fighter to duty with the army, and he has responded. When there is trouble with the red-skins Mr. Cody is always to be "counted in." We hope the brave fellow will be preserved from all harm. That he will do brilliant duty we can well believe.

Having, for the past few issues, been somewhat crowded with our serial matter, we have, more than is our wont, encroached upon the space devoted to short stories, sketches and miscellany. This will not, of course, continue. We shall see to it that each issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL has something and much for all readers, in its varied departments.

A letter from Fort Fred Steele says: "It may be interesting to the readers of your valuable JOURNAL to know that the veritable Tom Sun, who figures so conspicuously in Buffalo Bill's fascinating story, 'Kansas Kid,' is an inmate of the post office at Fort Steele. He was born in April about thirty days; was very ill, but is now almost entirely recovered. His illness was superinduced by exposure, last winter. And, from experience, I can assure you that a winter in Wyoming is no small matter. All the boys here are delighted with the SATURDAY JOURNAL and would not do without it, under any consideration."

It is pleasant to know that the JOURNAL is a welcome visitor at all the forts. It is finding its way to the most remote stations, and is, we know, a favorite in all the frontier settlements, and for the good reason that its authors who deal with Western life are men who know that life from association and experience.

The constant call for Mrs. Crowell's fine serial, "Vials of Wrath," has constrained us to give it place in the series of Twenty-five Cent Novels, published by Beadle & Adams—so that all orders, hereafter, for the story can be filled with the book form. This series of novels is at once one of the cheapest and most attractive ever offered the reading public. It thus far contains novels by Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Victor, Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Warfield, Margaret Blount, Mrs. Ellet, Rev. J. H. Ingraham, etc.

The publishers of "Passing the Portal; or, A Girl's Struggle," by Mrs. Victor—a new novel recently noticed by us—are in receipt of the following among other tributes to the rather remarkable character of the book:

PATerson, N. J., May 24th.

DEAR SIR:—I have just laid down a book recently issued by you, "Passing the Portals" by Mrs. Victor, and so strongly am I impressed by it that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of thanking you for ever having offered such a treat to thinking people.

It is a wonder as I have read it, and studied the doctrine of Evolution ever before has it fully come to me what it all meant, and the inevitable result of the acceptance of Darwin's views.

Mrs. Victor has made for herself a glorious reputation by this book, whose every line bears the impress of a most elevated intelligence.

The characters of * * * are so finely drawn that I think them among the finest creations I ever knew. It is a marvel to me how any one could have portrayed natures so dainty, so noble, so responsive as these.

The different phases of the heroine's feelings as she wanders further and further afield—her almost unconscious retention of the precious faith of her childhood—could anything be finer?

* * * But one word can describe it all—PERFECT.

The sweet pathos, the heart anguish, the clear heights of rapture, the Christian resignation that run like golden threads through the story—all make a work that will certainly add still greener laurels to the already enviable fame that Mrs. Victor wears—to whom, as a woman, and to you for giving to the world such a book, I earnestly offer my warm, grateful thanks.

MARY REED CROWELL.

This, from one who has won for herself an enviable fame in our fiction literature, is indeed a pleasing and admirable recognition of another's merit.

Sunshine Papers.

To One Young Man and Many Young Men.

NO. I.

Not long since we heard of a young man—we wish we had the paper here, to copy his words verbatim—who had serious doubts as to the desirability of honoring any young ladies with his calls, because he had heard that that class of beings are given to communicating to each other what their gentleman visitors say to them. And he wished reliable information on that subject, and advice as to his own movements, as he did not intend calling on any girls, to have them repeating what he said!

Fool fellow! Precious innocent! Tender, sensitive plant! Such profound pity as imbued our bosom at your sorrowful wail; such supreme admiration as stirred our heart at your verdancy; such barrels of sympathy as we felt for your sensitiveness! In case this should ever meet your eye, may we venture to offer to your delicate nature some advice?

We would suggest that, for a time, you do not call upon any young lady; that you cease casting upon that reprehensible portion of humanity the light of your countenance and the distinction of your attentions, and learn what weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair—not, not that latter, come to think of it, even for your dear, darling, precious duckie of a self; it costs too much!—there will be over your indifference! Bless your sensitive soul!—no, none of those, for we do not believe you are the fortunate possessor of any. Will some one please suggest a word? Suppose we say *instinct*; all animals have that; will not you be astonished to find of how little account you are in the regions of young ladyism! But, then, most sensitive youth, you can console yourself for the blow to your conceit this discovery will bring about by the knowledge that Susie Marie, or Nancie Jennie isn't having the chance to tell Lizzie Annie that Mr. Green called on her last night, "and is just a perfect fool!" He told me I had such a sweet way with me, the great simpleton! and that he had never spent so pleasant an evening in his life, when Tom Hawley was there and we were making all manner of fun of Green, only he was too green to find it out, or to find his way out of the house, though I was just aching to show him! For, let us assure you, young imbecile, talking about not "honoring any girls with your calls," that is just about what they would repeat after you.

Young gentlemen, you may take our word for it, that you need not be afraid to call upon young ladies for fear they will make too many confidences regarding your conversation, unless you are fools or villains. There is a strong instinct of delicacy, and desire for monopoly, in woman-nature that renders it *impossible* for most girls to make any companion a sharer in what is near to their hearts. Nellie may tell Fan that you are "just perfectly lovely"; what she said of her new summer bonnet, the carnation pa brooch from town, the latest novel; but you need not mind that; they are all very nice and so are you; and the probability is she thinks you the nicest of all, except, perhaps, the bonnet, only her descriptive vocabulary is somewhat limited, and so, by necessity for economy in that line, she is forced to make that one enthusiastic expression qualify anything that pleases her, from a pickled oyster to—you. But if you think that after that assertion she will go on and tell Fan how you put your arm about her waist, and held her head gently against your shirt-bosom, and looked into her eyes like a lackadaisical calf, and stammered, in melodious bass, "Nellie, I—I—I—l—o—v— at least, I think, I—mean—I like you better than any other girl I know. Do you care a little bit for me?" you are tremendously mistaken, sir! Why she would burn all over like a little comet if she tried to report that scene; and she would never care to dream, and dream, and dream it over if any one else had any partnership in it save only you and her. No, indeed! Of all tender scenes, a woman is an inborn monopolist! But you men—oh, my! What do you take you for, anyhow? Well, we will tell you some day!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WHAT TO BE.

SING about your work and it will not seem so hard or as long. Let the notes issue forth in glee, as though you didn't care how much labor there was in the world so long as you had the work to do. Singing is soothing; it puts the weary child to rest and makes sleep close up the little eyelids. Sailors sing as they start on their voyage; it cheers them and dissipates the gloomy feelings they may have in leaving home and loved ones. You needn't say you have no voice—that you don't know one note from another, and that your singing, or attempt at singing, would scare every one. Maybe it would have the same effect upon the "blues" and scare them away.

Laugh while you are at your work; laughter will make you grow fat; it is often the best medicine one could prescribe. A man who was "given o'er to die" was cured by laughing over the merry antics of a monkey, who had gained entrance to the room. Were I sick I should employ a doctor who wasn't afraid of a good, hearty laugh, for I know his laughter would be catching, and I should recover sooner than if I had one of those gloomy, melancholy sons of Esculapius among us. Villains and wicked people don't laugh, or if they do, it is so much like a groan that the difference is scarcely noticed. It is really "better to laugh than to sigh," and that is one good reason that comedies are more healthful than tragedies. He who is capable of making others laugh is one of mankind's benefactors.

Be cheerful in your conversation and in your employments. Don't be afraid to let people know you have a merry, blithesome heart and that you enjoy life and its many blessings. It was always a mystery to me why persons who commence to get interested in religious matters should think they ought to throw aside all cheerfulness, and become sober and morose, just as though they had swallowed some disagreeable medicine and wanted others to take a dose of the same decoction. Religion should not make one sour; it should make one better, purer, more cheerful and more human. If it were my mission to visit the sick and lowly I would endeavor to leave all my own troubles and gloomy feelings outside the door, so that those who were expecting me would look forward to my coming as they would to a gleam of sunshine, and give me as cordial a welcome. Who would want a visitor to groan over the wickedness of the world, the hollowness of all humanity, the fearful roads of death, and cramp

bits of tracts down their throats? I wouldn't! I want some one to cheer, and not depress me, when I'm ill. There are a set of kill-jays who worry folks into their graves and then wonder why they die. The death-dealing ammunition they use is composed of mixing Scripture with scandal, religion with mischief-making, and these things don't agree. Yes, and the killers think themselves so good and every one else so vile, wicked and depraved, that one grows so perfectly disgusted with them that one almost wishes to slam the door in their faces and tell them religion consists in humility and not in believing that pride is better than humbleness.

Be consistent in your remarks. I know I am not always, but I'm far from being a saint, and I preach to myself while I am lecturing others. I am well acquainted with a young man, who is the "goody" sort, and who seems to take delight in saying queer things in an odd sort of way. He asked a lady friend of mine what good it did to have ruffles around the neck of a dress and around the sleeves—I suppose he thought them to be "vanity of vanities." She said she supposed they were for warmth, and asked him what good his paper collar and silk necktie and gold shirt-studs did. He was hit; she had driven him into a place where he couldn't crawl out of very well, and he answered that he supposed they were intended for warmth. I think she had the best of it, and I admired her aptness.

Isn't there some one in your neighborhood just as inconsistent? One who is blaming others for things they do themselves or something nearly akin to it? These sort of individuals are forever in hot water, and being more a cause of trouble to all around them than they are really worth. Always fussing and finding fault with the households of others, and, in going around from house to house, neglect their own. What enjoyment or pleasure they can find in the business, I am at a loss to discover, but I presume it is their ultimatum of perfect happiness. Such sort of employment wouldn't make me very happy. If it makes them happy it serves to make others miserable, so it is a very selfish kind of happiness, after all.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Who Wrote the Declaration of Independence.

A QUESTION SETTLED.

THE question, "Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?" is now on its Centennial round. I consider it my bounden duty to forever settle it, and so I rise in behalf of posterity, and say that my grandfather, Erastus Whitchorn, was the author of that celebrated document. Not exactly as it stands now, but with a very little difference—a few words changed here and there are all the alterations it received before it was adopted by the first Congress, of which body was his body, representing the oyster business on Chesapeake Bay.

The original document is still in possession of our family, and is shown with peculiar reverence to curiosity-seekers. It will be on exhibition in Philadelphia, along with several other relics of the author, including the pen with which it was written, with the end meditative ly chewed.

I transcribe the article as it originally stood, with great pleasure and satisfaction:

THE ORIGINAL DECLARATION.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary, as it were, for one people to dissolve the political or brass bands that bind them to another, or anybody else, and to put on their first boots and earliest pants, they should declare the causes which entitle them to that divorce without alimony.

We hold these truths self-evident: that all men were created equal to any one else who does not happen to be superior to them; that they are endowed with certain unalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of what they are pursuing, and when any government becomes destructive of these ends there should be an end to the destructions.

The history of the present king of Great Britain is one of repeated injuries, and our pockets are stuffed so full of his usurpations that they will hold no more, by George!

He has refused his consent to appoint all of our revenue collectors and pension agents.

He has kept among us in times of peace standing armies without ever allowing them to sit down, depriving them even the right of sitting in the seat of war.

He has deprived us in many cases of the right of trial by jury, thus causing much distress among honorable men who hang around the court-house to get on the jury and make a dollar and a half a day.

He has put a stamp on our tea, which makes that beverage boil up so high that we haven't the necessary stamps about us to neutralize those stamps. It is stamp shame.

He has suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* so if any of us happens to make a mistake and get into the wrong jail, we are obliged to stay there and amuse ourselves.

He has quartered large bodies of large-bodied troops among us, when we hadn't any quarter to buy provisions with.

He has sent some of the most miserable weather over here that is in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

He has reduced the length of shoe to fourteen inches in length, thus causing untold agony and suffering to a great many inhabitants of Boston.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, which would be well enough, but he has sent over swarms of carpet-baggers to fill them.

He has armed his soldiers among us with real muskets that won't burst.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble third terms, but he has answered these petitions by telling us to go there ourselves, or has reached over here and cracked us on the head with his scimitar.

We feel weak; therefore these things we are not able to stand a day longer. We shall no more be tied to England's apron-strings and calmly be spanked by the British slipper. We

were, therefore, Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, do publish and declare that these colonies ought to be free and equally independent, and that the Atlantic cable shall no longer connect us.

In defense of which we will sacrifice our lives in getting recruits for our army.

For this we will spend the last dollar of our fortunes which we have no other need for.

We are willing to spend the last breath in our bodies in stirring up a feeling among our people to jump to the defense of our cause.

Such of us as are made generals will stand to resist the invaders even though we fall-back.

In a pinch we will be willing to sacrifice our honor, or any other article of portable personal property which will be handy.

We shall boldly enter the ranks and march down with our troops to see them off.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, John Dongman, justice of what little peace is left, this fourth day of July, 1776.

Such is the original draft of the Declaration, and it contained the pure patriotic sentiments which animated my revered grandfather in that dark hour of our country's history. I reach back across one hundred years to slap the old gentleman on the back. The fires which he kindled then have burned in the bosoms of the whole Whitehorn family since. They will never die out.

The Declaration was read out before Congress, and adopted with a few immaterial alterations, not enough to injure the text.

I hope this question will not be started again.

Proudly yours,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

The Empress of India pays Lord Lytton, her Vicinity, \$185,000 per year, which is a fair salary, considering the amount of money it is better than writing poetry for a living. We pay the President of the United States \$50,000 per year and yet there are people who deem it an enormous sum. Why the President of the New York Home Insurance gets \$25,000 a year salary, and one thinks him overpaid, but a President of the

THE MARCH OF THE WARRIOR DEAD.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

In many a valley broad and fair—
On many a historic plain—
The warrior dead of olden times
Spring into life again.
I hear their voices, I see their forms,
I hear their martial tread;
Oh! what a sight for mortal eyes—
The march of the warrior dead!

They rise who fought with Coeur de Lion
In Palestine, and well;
The steel-clad knights of Agincourt
March with the men of Tell,
And yonder forms a gallant host,
Immortalized by pen;
Six hundred spears are shining in
The moraine's dark glen!

Beneath the sun of Mars the stars that bloom
Upon Arpeia's banks;
A spectral Alexander forms
His Macedonian ranks;
And as the mighty column wheel,
A distant bugle calls;
And thirty thousand Austrians march
From Prague's beleaguered walls!

The earth is shaking near their tread,
As if the world had burst at last;
All fast before the boreal blast
Fly sounds of northern war.
Ten thousand swords amid the snow
Do shine like drops of rain;
There Charles the Twelfth is marshaling
His valiant Swedes again.

What corp'ral guard is tramping down
The slender blades of grass,
Through the fields of battle centuries.
In old Morganian's Pass!
Their tread is faint, but Freedom hears.
And, smiling, turns to see
The men who broke the Austrian yoke!

Whence come those ranks that o'er the field
With martial skill deploy?
They are the gallant Irish lads
With their bayonet bayonet!

Each man's a man with wrongs to right
In battle's gory brunt;
They shout! they charge! twas thus they broke
Old England's front.

Now yonder come ten thousand steeds—
A whirlwind on its course—
And Massinissa leads once more
His wild Numidian horse.

Fame's golden boughs bloom
Upon the soldier's breast,
Full twenty thousand Frenchmen ride
Behind Murat's white crest!

Oh! what a sight! my heart beats fast,
Mine eyes grow moist with tears;
To see those ranks is worth a life
Of twice ten thousand years.

Hah! there they fade, like specters grim,
Like the shadows of the plain;

Now they have gone—those gallant ghosts
Back to the dead again!

The Men of '76.

SCHUYLER.

The Patriot Without Reproach.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

PHILIP SCHUYLER's very name always excites admiration. With qualities of head and heart that endeared him to the people, his patriotism, energy and sacrifices commanded him to the whole country; and now, when time has wrought its compensations and bestowed its verdicts, he takes his place in our Valhalla as one of the most sincere, able and honorable men of the Revolution.

Schuyler came of one of the oldest and most influential families of the old Dutch *régime*, which, settling on the upper Hudson, gained and retained great influence over the Mohawk Indians—an influence which, during the Revolution, Philip Schuyler used with vast benefits to his people. He was born in Albany, Nov. 22d, 1733, but his father dying while Philip was yet a lad, he was adopted by his uncle, Colonel Philip Schuyler—a large proprietor of lands on "The Flats"—where Saratoga now stands. He was, as became one of his birth and wealth, well educated, and developed early into a man of unusual parts. When the old French War centered around Lake Champlain he entered the service and forming an intimacy with young Lord Howe, was made, by that gallant soldier, commissary to the army—a most important trust for a young man of twenty-two. His efficiency attested the wisdom of the choice. In the campaigns, which reflected so little glory to the British arms, (see our sketches of Putnam and Stark), he was ardently employed, and it was his melancholy duty to bear the dead body of young Lord Howe to Albany, for burial. Over the Mohawk Indians he alone possessed control, and during the war he was constantly watching over the fierce red allies.

Schuyler lived in much elegance on the great estate at Saratoga, which came to him by his uncle's death, and when the "troubles" with the mother country began to assume portentous proportions the patriots found in him a zealous friend and champion. The royalist influence of the Johnson family filled all of central and northern New York with Tory partisans, and Philip's two elder brothers espoused the Royal cause; but, he never wavered in his sympathy for the rights of the colonies. His fine house became the rendezvous of whigs; and as the cause, under the inspiration of patriotism, grew in favor, Schuyler was looked to for leadership. He was a member of the Colonial Assembly—a body then composed of only a few men, chosen by the land-owners, to serve for a term of seven years. In this body his views were so pronounced, and so much in advance of the conservative and timorous king-serving policy of the majority, that he was a recognized "rebel" long before the call for action came.

To the Continental Congress which met at Philadelphia in May, 1775, he was sent as delegate from the upper counties, and hardly had he taken his seat when he was named third Major-General on the new army list, with orders to assume sole charge of the whole northern department—to organize it for offense and defense: a Herculean task, from which he did not shrink, and to effect which he did not hesitate to draw freely and constantly on his own property, means and personal influence. He threw all upon the altar of patriotism—making sacrifices that no man in all that host of patriots could emulate.

Repairing to Ticonderoga he began the work of making order out of chaos. The invasion of Canada having been ordered by Congress, (see sketch of Montgomery) he labored to arrange for that great adventure, but was so overcome by incessant duty that his health gave out, and he left the expedition to go forward under Montgomery's command, while he himself returned to Ticonderoga to attend to the multifarious interests of the department. So many discouragements literally flooded him—the recruits coming forward were so insubordinate, and their officers so new to service and command—Congress expected so much and yet did so little, that, broken in health, Schuyler intimated to Congress and to Washington his wish to resign. The correspondence that ensued reflects the high consideration in which he was held, and he was so encouraged by hopes and promises that, sick as he was, he continued the work of the department.

The sad reverses in Canada, due to the terri-

bly inefficient manner in which Congress had sustained the two expeditions of Arnold and Montgomery, served to bring discredit on Schuyler—an impression Congress unwittingly fostered by appointing General Lee to the command in Canada, and when this General was soon re-ordered to the new department of the South, General Sullivan was assigned to Canada—without consultation with Schuyler. And, later, when Sullivan brought back from the North only a defeated remnant of the forces dispatched to Canada, he was met at the frontier by General Gates, who bore orders to supersede him, and Gates actually took command of an army now in Schuyler's own posts, yet held him amenable to no orders from the department commander! Such was the manner in which Congress, with its multitudinous partisanship and numerous intermeddlers, overrode all military orders and personal rights. It was Schuyler's fate to be the victim of this incessant interference by Congress; and he was only held in his place by Washington's personal petitions not to abandon his work.

When Burgoyne came down from the North Schuyler had but the merest skeleton of an army for the emergency. His troops had been drawn off to other quarters and he was left to confront his adversary with such militia as the adjoining provinces could and would contribute. How he labored in those months of the summer of 1777 to gather troops and supplies, to strengthen fortifications, to increase his artillery, his correspondence with Washington, with Congress, with the State Governors, a'ords painful evidence. Burgoyne reached Quebec in May with an army of over seven thousand men, composed largely of British veterans and German emissaries. To this General Carleton added over three thousand Canadians and Indians. The British artillery was by far the finest yet seen on the field, and every appliance was complete. The design was to move by two columns down upon Albany, and there effect a junction with Sir Henry Clinton's forces holding New York—thus severing the New England States from the Middle States, and by actual possession restoring the loyalty of New England—a well-conceived plan, but underrating both the American power of resistance and the people's devotion to their cause.

June 26th, Burgoyne's army encamped at the river Boquet, on Lake Champlain. June 30th he was at Crown Point, and proceeded with all dispatch to invest the fortress of Ticonderoga, then held by General St. Clair, with three thousand troops. Mount Defiance, a height commanding the fort, was seized by the enemy, and St. Clair abandoned the old fortification on the night of July 5th. The enemy struck the retiring column and a fierce conflict ensued. The Americans were defeated, losing nearly one thousand men, much stores, baggage, etc. St. Clair, with the remnant of his forces, reached Schuyler's camp, at Fort Edward, after a painful march through the woods, July 12th. Burgoyne then pressed on to Skeneboro, and Schuyler, abandoning Fort Edward, retired to Saratoga and beyond—obstructing all the roads and destroying all bridges as he retired. Burgoyne followed, and on July 30th his advance reached the headwaters of the Hudson at Fort Edward.

Burgoyne's auxiliary column under Col. St. Leger proceeded, by way of Oswego, to Fort Stanwix, on the Mohawk (Aug. 3d). This, by aid of Sir John Johnson's forces of tories and savages under Brandt and Red Jacket, he hoped soon to capture, but its brave defense by Col. Gansevoort held the enemy at bay and gave opportunity for aid. General Herkimer, with eight hundred men, hastily gathered in Tyrone County, hastened to Gansevoort's relief, but was ambushed, Aug. 6th, at Oriskany, eight miles from the fort, and a terribly fierce combat resulted to the advantage of neither party. St. Leger pressed the siege more earnestly. The delay to reach Albany, according to Burgoyne's plan, must greatly disconcert that plan; but Gansevoort well knew that surrender simply meant massacre by the savages, whom the British could not control. Schuyler, pressed though he was by Burgoyne, and needing every man, could not hesitate to relieve Fort Stanwix, so dispatched Arnold, Aug. 20th, with eight hundred men, to succor the post. By artfully disseminating reports of his great strength, Arnold succeeded in so frightening St. Leger's Indian allies that they fled, and St. Leger himself, deceived by the *ruse*, left the ground so hastily (Aug. 23d) as to abandon even his guns, brought forward from Oswego with much labor; and Gansevoort salled out to capture camp, guns, stores, and the enemy in considerable numbers. St. Leger continued his flight to Oswego; and thus failed Burgoyne's scheme for compelling Schuyler to fall back below Albany.

Of the attempt made by the enemy to penetrate Vermont we have already written. [See sketch of John Stark]. The glorious news of these two British defeats—of Burgoyne's great straits for food, and Clinton's failure to ascend the Hudson, to co-operate with the invader, and Philip's two elder brothers espoused the Royal cause; but, he never wavered in his sympathy for the rights of the colonies. His fine house became the rendezvous of whigs; and as the cause, under the inspiration of patriotism, grew in favor, Schuyler was looked to for leadership. He was a member of the Colonial Assembly—a body then composed of only a few men, chosen by the land-owners, to serve for a term of seven years. In this body his views were so pronounced, and so much in advance of the conservative and timorous king-serving policy of the majority, that he was a recognized "rebel" long before the call for action came.

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The British had shamefully devastated his estate at Saratoga. His mansion and all it contained were given to the torch; his stock he had already consumed to feed his own army; his means he had contributed with splendid freedom to the army's needs, and he returned to his home to restore, by years of assiduous devotion, his greatly impaired fortune.

When the Federal Constitution was before the people and Assembly for adoption, he threw all the weight of his now very great personal influence in its favor, and was chosen one of New York's first national Senators. He was ready and foremost in all schemes of public interest and improvement, and his elegant hospitality made his home a rendezvous for men of note.

Schuyler's last years were darkened by great domestic affliction. First his wife, whom he loved with deepest tenderness, was taken away; then his daughter, the beautiful Mrs. Van Rensselaer, died; then his eminent son-in-law, Alexander Hamilton, perished in the duel with Aaron Burr; and under these accumulated sorrows he sank—dying November 18th, 1804.

Without a Heart:
OR,
WALKING ON THE BRINK.

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.
BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY,"
"TRACKED THROUGH LIFE,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT HOME.

The day following the horseback ride, a sailboat put into the Wildside pier, having in tow the little boat Eve.

To the surprise, and I may say disappointment of Eve, Clinton Clarendon was not the occupant of the little craft, but, instead, a negro stepped ashore and approached the mansion, bearing in his hand a note.

A few moments more and Eve held the missive in her hands. It simply read:

"Mr. Clarendon's compliments to Miss Erskine, and begs to return to her the little water-wolf."

"At another time Mr. Clarendon hopes to have the pleasure of accepting Miss Erskine's kind invitation to call."

"Say to your master, please, that whenever agreeable to him we will be glad to welcome him at Wildside, and thank him, for me, for returning my boat. Now go to the kitchen and get your dinner before you return," and while the negro turned away, bowing politely, Eve again took up the note.

"Yes, it is his writing. How I would like to question this man regarding him; but I dare not."

"Ha! I will invite him to the mask-ball, next week, and then, from his own lips, I will learn all."

Crossing the room to a small writing-desk, Eve sat down and wrote, on delicately-tinted paper:

"Colonel Erskine and his daughter will be pleased to have Mr. Clarendon's company next Thursday evening, to attend a mask ball, given in honor of Miss Erskine's birthday anniversary."

"Will Mr. Clarendon under existing circumstances, pardon the late hour, when the invitation is given, and accept Miss Erskine's warmest thanks for the return of her lost boat?"

Calling a servant she told him to give the note to the one who had brought the *Eve*, and putting on her hat, she went forth to join Colonel Erskine, who was fishing off the end of the pier.

"Well, Eve, you have come down to keep an old man company?" said the colonel, pleasantly.

"Yes, sir, I have come to enjoy a while in your pleasant company. You see that Mr. Clarendon has returned the *Eve*?"

"Yes, it was kind of him; but I am sorry he did not come himself, as you expected he would."

"He wrote that he hoped soon to visit Wildside, and I returned by the bearer of the note invitation to the ball."

"Right, my daughter; and he must come prepared to spend the night with us, for he lives some twenty miles away. I will tell him to express my wishes to him in that particular."

Erre more was said the servant approached, and Colonel Erskine gave him a message for his master, but learned that it was the intention of Mr. Clarendon to sail down to the city next week, and Eve felt that her meeting with the man she so desired to see must yet be postponed.

As the negro sailed away, heading down the coast, and happy in a liberal fee bestowed upon him by the generous owner of Wildside, Erskine turned to Eve, and said, slyly:

"Mr. Clarendon will be another string to your bow, Eve."

"Perhaps so, sir; he is certainly a very handsome man."

"And so is Captain Lambert."

"True, sir, and he is also a very good man, and I like him exceedingly," promptly answered Eve.

"I do not doubt it; rumor says that you love him."

"Indeed, father! why I did not know that I was more kind to Captain Lambert than to a half-dozen others."

"Still, a dozen persons, ladies and gentlemen, have asked me if you were not engaged to the captain."

"Why, father?"

"True, Eve, and it is the general belief in the neighborhood—"

"There is not a word of truth in it, sir; I certainly should not have a secret from you."

"I like Captain Lambert and a number of others, but I love none of them," and Eve spoke earnestly.

"I am glad to hear it, Eve, for I do not wish you taken from me—at least yet awhile."

"There is no fear of that, my dearest father. The man I expect to marry is certainly not here."

"Now let me ask you how you like my masquerade costume?"

"Exceedingly—the dress of a Persian girl will be most becoming to you."

"Under the sad circumstances of the year past, I would rather not have had Wildside a scene of dancing and merriment yet while; but then, the many kindnesses shown us by our neighbors, made me feel that we must give an entertainment in return."

"It was for my sake you did it, sir, and deeply do I feel your kindness to me; but come, the waters are as smooth as glass so let us have a row in my little boat."

"We might as well, for a poor fish has been

hanging to my hook for ten minutes, and I in blissful ignorance of the favor done me."

So saying, Colonel Erskine and Eve entered the row-boat, and seizing the oars, the maiden sent the little shell sailing over the quiet waters.

CHAPTER XXIII.
THE MASQUERADE.

BRIGHTLY poured the moonlight down upon the grand old mansion at Wildside, and from every window and door came a stream of gas-light, to rival the silvery radiance of the "queen of night."

Rapidly there rolled up to the door carriage after carriage, bearing loads of ladies and gentlemen from the neighborhood for miles around, and all dressed in some fantastic costume, and wearing upon their faces impenetrable masks.

In the spacious hallways, the commodious parlors, and the grand old library, congregated the masqueraders, who soon to the strains of sweet music, were tripping "the light fantastic," or otherwise enjoying themselves.

A few elderly gentlemen and their wives were all that had come unmasks, and at the doorway stood Colonel Erskine, his handsome, gay face unhidden beneath silken folds, for he was to receive his guests.

At length the last carriage rolled up and deposited its human freight before

FORTUNIO.
An Old Story with a Moral for the Times.

BY RUSTICUS.

In good old times of long ago,
When Romance dwelt with us below,
And Fancy had not given way;
Her rosy rule to Fact's dry sway;
There lived in some far unknown Eastern land,
A happy, social, prop'rous family.

Husband and wife, three daughters fair,
Five happy hearts within a cage,
Three sons, all slovenly and free,
Sect off-shoots of the parent tree.
The youngest is our heroine, and so
We skip the rest to paint Fortunio.

A mass of wavy ebony hair—
A skin of olive ruddy rare—
With cheeks of faintest crimson dye,
A roguish mouth, a laughing eye.
Combining with her happy, winsome face,
A form of symmetry and perfect grace.

Life's but a checkered thing at best—
These felt the change among the rest.
First death, then calamity,
Then trouble, some be their way.
Grim poverty besieged their humble cot,
And all the ills by poverty begot.

All bent beneath the cruel blow,
Except the young Fortunio;
Her spirits were too high and free
For rusting inactivity.
She had no time to weep, so dried her eyes,
Resolved by her unaided enterprise,

And willing heart effort stout,
To from their troubles pull them out.
She sheared her locks of flowing hair,
Exchanged for her woman's wear:
To gain the fortune as she vowed she would,
Bent to put away her womanhood.

For were not men renowned and great?
While women were content to wait.
Outside the gate that led to fame,
Compelled to hunt for humbler game—
To greater heights her roving fancy ran;
So she would dare the fates and seem a man.

What wonderful adventures she
Met in her bold knight-errantry—
What daring exploits caused her name
To sound through courts in triumphs of fame,
Do not the minstrel-bards and poets sing?
She won the gracious favor of the king.

This king of all the stories lad,
Who was indeed very bad,
Daughter, who, as you must know,
In love fell with Fortunio.
This would be well enough, in fact all right,
But circumstances changed the thing here quite.

Some reason—but I know not why—
The man she loved must surely die;
The king pronounced the doom of woe
On unlucky Fortunio.
Like she whose lord offended great Pizzaro,
Condemned to bare her breast against the ar-

row.
But when her breast the soldiers bare,
Behold a white young bosom fair!
“A woman!” all the courtiers cry,
“Put up your bows; she must not die.”
“Of course the king, with monarch's usual wit,
Saw that the crime she could not well commit.
So he his pardon freely gave,
And very glad was he to see;
So young and beautiful a life;
He gave her to his son to wife.
At last the greatest triumph she could show
Was gained by being Miss Fortunio.
All tales their mutual love they say—
The first has one in another day.
The fond mind on breeches dothes,
Revolt against their petticoats.
The sanctuaries of the male invade,
In politics, the pulpit, stage and trade.
But or do they what they will,
Be sure they will be women still;
Some accident will surely reveal
The soft white breasts caught can conceal;
In other words, their very womanhood
Will make their best success their greatest good.

The Masked Miner:

OR,
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.
A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD."

CHAPTER XXIX.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

The sun had been up for an hour, the next morning, when the tall, aristocratic Mr. Morton went forth from the humble cabin of the miner. And when he left it was in company with old Ben, who blithely took his way toward the "Black Diamond," where he was still a valuable hand.

The stranger did not in the least seem ashamed of old Ben's humble, grimy miner's suit, nor of the plain, unpretending appearance of the hard-working old man. They conversed earnestly and socially together, until they reached the Mount Washington road. Here Ben struck across the hillside toward the mines, and Mr. Morton hurried on down the road, in the direction of the Smithfield street bridge.

When the stranger reached the foot of the road and stood on the abutment of the bridge, he paused a moment, and glanced up at the towering precipice of the coal hills. His eyes wandered about restlessly for a few seconds; but, finally, they settled on the black, cavernous opening of a mine. Just then a brawny figure stood by that far-away hole, but in a moment more had disappeared within the black depths.

Mr. Morton sighed gently, and then, almost instantly, a proud, triumphant smile flashed over his features. But, the smile passed off, too, and a serious, determined look settled on his fine face. Seeing, however, that he was attracting considerable attention from passers-by, he hurriedly turned about, and strode on over the bridge toward the city.

Just before he reached his hotel, at the further end of the bridge, he muttered, in an abstracted manner:

"Very strange! wondrous strange! These mutations their play roles in this mysterious drama! 'Tis difficult to forget past events. There's foul-play, double-dealing, rascality somewhere! It may be well to investigate the matter; something curious may be brought to light, for the man is a scoundrel, if one walks the earth!"

With these strange words, Mr. Morton passed on and entered the Monongahela House, one paying any special heed to him.

This same day, after some searching about, which he did in a carriage and very leisurely, Mr. Morton engaged an elegant suite of rooms in a private house on Penn street, and had his numerous articles of baggage sent hither from the hotel. The stranger seemed to court privacy.

The conversation which was held the night before between old Ben and his visitor, was prolonged until far into the small hours.

"Ayant the twa!"

And that conversation, though carried on in a low tone, was unflagging and earnest. In the course of it, several names familiar to the readers of this story were mentioned more than once.

At last, however, when the conference was closed, the stranger unceremoniously threw himself upon Ben's bed, and was soon wrapt in profound slumber.

"Tis needless, here, to detail the conversation of that night of surprise and joy to old Ben—

joy that once again he had heard from Tom Worth, his "boy."

We cannot wonder, then, after keeping such late hours, however good' his company, that Mr. Morton looked somewhat haggard this morning, as he hurried into his hotel.

The day passed slowly away. After having had his baggage transferred to his room in Penn street, Mr. Morton occupied the time in writing, reading, and then, in overhauling several of his trunks.

With old Ben Walford the hours had flown swiftly, merrily away. He seemed like a new man, did this old miner, and those around him in the shafts and dark galleries of the underground world, noticed his changed demeanor, and paused more than once to hearken to his bold snatches of song, which now and then rung through the pit.

Old Ben was happy.

Why should he not be? He had 'heard from Tom, and his "boy" had sent him a large sum of money!

And then, too, Ben had the promise of another early visit from the white-whiskered Mr. Morton, to whom it was evident the old miner had taken a wondrous liking.

Night had once more fallen upon the city and its suburbs. The raw autumn wind was blowing lustily, betokening by its chilly breath, the early coming of the winter. A racing squadron of leaden clouds was flying across the sky, and no moon or stars save at long intervals, mirrored their silvery images in the bosom of the broad rivers hurrying by the dark city.

It was the night after the arrival of the mysterious stranger—the night after Fairleigh Somerville's induction as owner, into the night after Richard Harley was led away from the lordly dwelling, lately his, to an humble home on Cedar avenue—led away by his dove-eyed, sad-faced daughter in black.

The hour was ten, and in this sober, staid little suburb of Pittsburgh—Alleghany city—the lamp-lighters were already extinguishing the gas in the streets; for, in this exemplary borough, lone in certain localities, the citizens had long since retired for the night, and there was no need of light.

The gas lamps along the quiet, unpretending Cedar avenue had ceased to fling out their glimmer for over an hour. But, in one small, humble house on this retired street there beamed forth a light. It came from a curtainless window on the first floor of the little tenement.

Two figures, both brawny and athletic, crept cautiously along the lonely avenue. They paused once or twice to look around them, but only for a moment.

"I must—I must be satisfied!" muttered one of the men. "I cannot sleep until I have found their abode."

"Yes, yes, sir; I know your feelings, and—Hai! sh! sh! There, sir! there!" and the other sunk his voice to a whisper, even lower than that in which they had been conversing.

The first speaker paused and glanced across the street, in the direction his companion had pointed. He started as if shot, and trembling in every limb, sunk back against the fencing which skirted the Common. But he gazed again.

Just opposite from these two men was the curtainless window, aglow with light, to which we have referred. Standing in the broad flash, which sparkled from the window, was a tall, stately maiden, with a sad visage, her hair falling in disarray—her eyes red with weeping, her arms gently clasping an old man round the neck—the old man leaning motionless over the back of a chair.

In an instant, however, the maiden released her arms from the old man's neck, and going to the window flung up the sash, and drew the shutters hastily to.

The tall man without, who had staggered back against the friendly railing, slowly straightened up and whispered:

"Come, my friend; I now have seen! We must be gone."

The two hurried swiftly away from the spot toward the black-bosomed river. As they passed a single, solitary lamp, left burning, as it were, by an oversight, the rays flashed upon them; but they were gone so quickly that he who came last was only revealed. He was an old man with a giant frame, hard-featured and honest-faced.

They hurried away, and in ten minutes entered a carriage on Federal street, and drove off toward the Suspension bridge.

The day following, about ten o'clock in the morning, an elegant carriage drew up in front of a lowly two-story house on Cedar avenue, in Alleghany city, and Felix Morton descended from the vehicle.

"Drive to the corner yonder and await me; I will come in a few moments," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the coachman, obsequiously.

Mr. Morton paused as the carriage drove off, and gazed covertly, half-pityingly at that unpretending tenement, now sheltering one who, in a former day, had boasted of his great wealth.

Just then old Ben Walford, staggering along under a huge basket, rapped at the little side alley.

Ben had a holiday this morning from the mine, and a joyous glow was overspreading his face. It may have been that the holiday occasioned this; or, perhaps it was the result of the hundred pounds his absent friend Tom Worth had sent him by this same stranger.

The old man did not seem surprised at seeing Mr. Morton, though it was evident that the latter was startled at the sight of the miner.

"This is my offering, sir," said the old man in a low voice, smiling sweetly and good-naturedly.

Mr. Morton did not answer; he simply placed his gloved finger upon his lips, and turning at once, walked up the steps and rung the bell.

Old Ben disappeared in the alley, and in a moment a glad, joyous voice—that of a female—was heard welcoming him warmly. Then there was a silence, and then a sob. Then old Ben's honest words were heard saying, sternly:

"Bear up, bear up, Miss Grace! You're friends still, and you see old Ben has found you, and he thinks more o' you than ever!"

Mr. Morton's frame shook. But, suddenly, shambling footsteps were heard within the hall; then the bolt was turned by a feeble hand. The door opened, and poor old Richard Harley, sad and worn, anxious and haggard clad in dressing-gown and slippers, stood there.

The stranger evidently had need to control himself; but, despite his efforts, he shook in every limb, and a yearning, sympathizing look came to his face, as his eyes fell on the ruined ex-iron merchant. But, he managed to force a composure to his face, and self-possession in his manner.

Mr. Harley himself started back as he saw the richly-clad stranger standing there; and, do what he could, a blush of shame came to his cheeks, and then a tear dimmed his eye.

Mr. Morton pretended not to see these traces of emotion, and said with a bow:

"I presume this is Mr. Richard Harley?"

"Yes, sir, I am he. Walk in, sir. I am poorly established as ye', sir, but—"

"Not a word, Mr. Harley," interrupted the other, hastily. "Excuse me for not entering, sir. I am somewhat pressed for time to-day, and, as I have called on business, I'll be brief, sir."

He paused for a moment, Mr. Harley looking at him all the time with wondering eyes.

"My name is Felix Morton, sir," continued the stranger, hastily. "I have been empowered by a friend of mine—a former acquaintance, I believe, of yours, long months since—to hand you this parcel. I have guarded it carefully, sir, and now beg to place it in your hands, and I wish you good-morning, sir."

Mr. Harley took the parcel as one in a dream; but, before he could speak, Mr. Morton had gone.

The old man shuffled back into the room, and sunk in a seat. As soon as he could recover himself he tore open, with trembling fingers, the stout package or envelope. A sheet of paper fell out. The old man spread it open, and took therefrom several bank-notes.

With amazement showing in every feature—as if he was dreaming than waking—the old man again spread out the sheet, and read the following:

"MY DEAR SIR:
I have not forgotten your kindness to me, long ago, on the East Liberty road, when you took me in and sheltered me. And though I and my fortunes, since then, have been bad, you have not ceased to remember you with gratitude; never your feelings have been toward me. Remember that you can conquer unseemly prejudice—to Grace, and assure her of my unchanged love. I enclose a sum which may serve to show you—though you are right, sir, that I am old and stiff!" he muttered.

"And I half-way believe Mr. Morton is right. What a wonderful man is this stranger who brought me such good news of my noble boy, Tom!"

Then he extinguished the lamp; and, as a low chuckle escaped his lips, the old man sought his couch.

Another day dawned and passed away, and the shades of night gloomed again over the earth. A cold north-east wind was blowing round over the sleeping city; a drizzling, searching rain was falling, and the night was dismal in the extreme.

Long since the streets had been deserted; for, in addition to the cheerless out-door scene, the hour was late. The clock from a neighboring iron-mill had just struck twelve.

Suddenly, two figures, well wrapped in long cloaks, emerged from the shadows by the Fort Wayne depot, and took their way toward Stockton avenue. They were soon in this dark street. They paused for a moment and glanced behind them, and then ahead.

"We are near the house," whispered one of the men; "we must be careful. Did you see the man?"

"Yes, sir; he is all right—is an honest man, after all, and wants no money. He is anxious to be free from that villain; but for one week his hands are bound by an oath. He has a high opinion of an oath, sir."

"And of him, on that account! He shall not lack for a friend when he needs one. But, come; we have work before us. Have your pistol ready. We must deal with villains; other arguments fail, with powder and ball, and I solemnly swear that I will know the truth in this matter!"

"You are right, sir, and I am ready," was the quick response.

Without another word the two walkers started swiftly, though cautiously, onward. A few moments elapsed, when they suddenly paused. They were standing in the shade of the imposing Harley mansion, now the residence of Fairleigh Somerville, the millionaire. The men again glanced cautiously around them. Then the taller of the two gently opened the inner gate and entered the front yard. His companion followed.

They hesitated not, but took their way noiselessly to the curved archway, leading by the rear, to the rear of the dwelling.

The raw wind still moaned along the streets, and the cold rain pattered ceaselessly down.

The men, bent on such a mysterious errand, soon stood in the yard or court to the rear.

"He sleeps there!" whispered one of the men, at the same time pointing to a window of a room on the second story. "An iron hook is below that window-sill; I know it well. Be guarded now, as you value life itself, and cast the ladder!"

The other, silently, and without replying, drew from beneath his cloak a coil of rope knotted with cross-pieces so as to form a ladder. He glanced up and measured the distance with his eye. Then, dropping the cloak from his shoulders, he slung the coil slowly around his head several times, and then let fly.

But in an instant the rope rattled down again. Thanks, however, to the sighing wind, and the patterning rain, the ladder gave forth no sound as it fell.

Again the man flung the coil—again it came down; and again and again.

"Toss higher, and more to the right," whispered the other, who seemed to superintend matters.

The man obeyed. This time a half-cry of satisfaction escaped his lips, for the ladder had caught.

The man tried it with his hand—then with his full weight. The ladder was firm.

"Let me go first," whispered the taller man, his voice beginning to tremble with excitement.

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a small revolving pistol, and placed it in his vest-bosom. Then he secured the long cloak around his waist with a stout cord. He waited no longer, but grasping the side-lines of the slender ladder, swung his feet from the ground, and began the ascent.

In a moment he had reached the window. He gently unhooked the shutters and swung them noiselessly back. Then he tried the window. A joyous cry almost burst from his lips as the sash moved up without a sound, under his touch.

Becoming his companion to follow him, the tall man placed his hands on the window-sill and leaped lightly into the room. Scarcely breathing, and not stirring hand or muscle, he stood still until the other below had flung his cloak again over his shoulders, and, securing it around him, mounted the ladder.

A moment, and he, too, was in the apartment, standing silent and motionless by the side of him who had entered first.

The room was in absolute darkness. The men listened intently. At first they could hear nothing; but, after a few moments, the long-drawn, heavy breathing of a sleeping man was borne to their ears.

One of the men took from beneath his coat a dark-lantern, and springing it on, paused. The straight flash of light gleamed out, and in an instant lit up the room. Among other things, it revealed the men who had come on this bold enterprise. But nothing could be seen of them save that their forms were enveloped

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SPRING'S AWAKENING.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Again the pulse of Nature thrills
And on the fair awakening smile
Bursts gloriously on winter's frown,
Where dreariness has sat the while.
Again the currents of her streams
Resume their living course and flow,
And rippling, dancing they rejoice
While mocking winter's tardy snow.
Again the meadows emerald green
All smiling, in the sunlight lie
And zealous birds their glad voices play
With a nature, tranquil and gay.
Again the trees are trembling with
Their new-born leaflets soft and pale,
While flowering shrubs in beauty bloom,
Hushed is the winter's chilly wail.
Again the blue-bird flits without
And seeks scenes to him once dear;
He chirps and builds his nest again
In which he sits to rear.
The robin, too, has left the south
To find the apple-tree again,
Which budding, soon will shower down
The petals of its blooms like rain.
The children happier never were,
Than on this pleasant day in spring;
The cloudless sky above them all,
And 'neath their feet sweet blossoming
Of thornless flowers, roses, violets;
The butterflies they chase all day,
Careless and free from field to field;
Who would not be a child in May?

When in the west the sunlike fades,
The cooling shadows gather round
And calm the brows of weary ones,
Till they with peaceful rest are crowned.
Again fresh vigor in the morn's balmy air,
The buoyant spirit gains fresh power,
And harmony dwells everywhere.

Nick o' the Night: THE BOY SPY OF '76. A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIGHT AT THE DOUBLE OAKS.

ABOUT the hour of Nick o' the Night's departure from Marion and his band in company with the negro who had delivered the challenge, a solitary person rode from Wingdon Hall. The night was calm and the mellow rays of a lofty moon fell alike on horse and rider. The latter sat proudly in the rich saddle, and the dark eyes above the pallid cheeks were full of fire. An empty sleeve hung mournfully at his left side, and the broadsabre lay lightly in his only hand. He wore a handsome cavalry sabre, and there was a pistol in his belt.

After debouching upon the well-defined road that ran by the great gate, at the foot of the Wingdon estate, the lone horseman guided his steed toward the east, and rode in that direction in a walk. He did not seem in a hurry, for he even relinquished the rein and gave himself up to meditation.

At length the ride terminated, and the night rider sat in his saddle beneath the boughs of two giant oaks that grew like twins beside the road.

"I am here! Now let him meet me!" he said in a voice tinged with bravado. "If Nero finds him he will come, for I know his mettle. By George, the king! I have tested it."

The speaker was Lancaster Wingdon, and he waited with impatience for the hour of twelve.

We left him last on a bed of pain in the grand old mansion from which he had lately returned. The reader will readily recall the battle in Wingdon Hall—the fierce conflict that cost the young Tory one of his trusty arms. Long days burdened with pain followed the events of that night, and long nights of restlessness tortured the young loyalist's mind. He had sworn that he would live—live for vengeance, and his determination to conquer death aided in his restoration. He watched his strength return with an impatience which he could not disguise, and when he could wield a sabre again he shouted for joy. He practiced with the sword and the sabre during his convalescence, his father, a good swordsman, becoming his antagonist in the mimic strife. Day after day the ring of steel resounded throughout Wingdon Hall, and the servants wondered why the crippled master practiced swordsmanship so incessantly.

When Lancaster Wingdon could mount his horse, when, with the reins over the pommel, he could ride through the Wingdon park and strike off limbs with the sabre—when he could shoot accurately at full gallop, he penned the challenge and sent his favorite servant upon his enemy's trail.

Night after night he had ridden to the oak, where until midnight he had waited for the coming of the foe. He was inclined to doubt Nero's faithfulness at last; but the colored man was true; he was hunting for the formidable wif-o'-the-wisp of the South.

Let us return to the young Tory and the night that witnessed the rescue of our youthful hero from the guns of the English dragoons.

He sat beneath the boughs of the double oaks counting the minutes, and listening intently. The least sound caught his ears, and a smile soon to be dissipated by a profound silence would wreath his lips in satisfaction.

At last there came a sound that could not be misinterpreted.

It was the noise of horses' feet, and the young Tory soon despaired two figures advancing from the west. He hastened into the road, as if to bar their progress, for a voice which had fallen upon his ears told him that one of the riders was the slave Nero.

The horsemen continued to approach until, at sight of the immovable figure in the road, they drew rein.

"Massa Lancaster!" exclaimed the negro, frightened at the youth whom he had recognized. "De Lord bless us, dar'll be a battle here, suah!"

The silence of a moment followed the dark key's exclamation.

"I am here, Lancaster Wingdon!" said the white rider beside the slave.

"So am I!"

"The challenge found me in the midst of victory. Marion has overtaken Captain McClinton's detachment, and, with the exception of a few who are dead, its members are prisoners-of-war. You want to fight me. I am ready; but let me tell you that the odds are in my favor. You have but one arm!"

"Which is equal to both of yours!" the young Tory replied, grafting his teeth. "I fight with any kind of weapon, and you will discover that I am no mean antagonist. Of course you rode hither to fight me, and it is not necessary to brand you coward, bandit and murderer!"

Nick o' the Night's eyes flashed.

"No! I came hither to resent the insult which none but a Tory can give!" he cried. "Being the challenged party I select. The weapons shall be the sabre; we shall retire eighty rods and charge each other at the same

moment. How do you like the plan of battle?"

"It suits me; but it gives you a chance to fly."

The young partisan bit his lip, grew pale beneath the cutting taunt of cowardice.

"When I leave this field it shall be as victor or in death," he said. "Lancaster Wingdon, dismiss your black, and let us seek our charging stations. I want no witness to this, our last battle, save the Great Jehovah!"

A moment later Nero was dismissed, and when he had retired from view the two duelists traversed the road in opposite directions.

At forty rods westward from the tree Nick o' the Night halted, and wheeled about, and saw his foe do the same in the distance.

There was a moment's silence when, as it had been agreed, Lancaster Wingdon's voice came down the road:

"Are you ready?"

"Ready!" was the response.

"Then charge!"

Two black horses struck at the same moment by sharp spurs darted forward like great cannon-balls, and the thunder of hoofs floated heavenward to die among the stars.

Closer and closer together they momentarily came, their young riders awaiting the terrible collision with flashing eyes and eager sabers. Lancaster Wingdon had dropped the reins which at the start he gripped with his teeth, and his whole soul was in the fire of the moment. His antagonist sat in the saddle with body slightly bent forward, and a gleaming saber hanging idly, as it seemed, at his right side. But his eye was on the foe, and his long hair streaming in the midnight breeze, caused him to look like a cavalier of the days of England's Charlie.

Eighty rods are soon traversed by charging horses; the thunder of hoofs was of brief duration, for, in less time than I have described the positions and looks of the duelists, they met.

Met in the moonlight just beyond the branches of the double oaks.

A second before the collision Nick o' the Night sent his body backward like the rebound of a rubber ball, and when his saber, aimed at the young Tory's head, descended with terrible force, it met another blade sweeping like a battoe toward his own cranium.

The shock was gigantic—like the meeting of two knights in olden tourney. The black horses recoiled on their haunches, and the riders were almost lifted from the saddles by the colliding sabers.

They recovered almost simultaneously.

"Go back to your charging station!" cried Nick o' the Night to his antagonist. "We must fight in this manner until you southern moon shines upon a victory."

The look he received was full of hate and courage.

"I will fight till your sword cleaves my skull, or mine yours!" was the reply, and again the young duelists retreated for the charge.

The sole witness of the duel was the partisan's dog who stood in the shadow with his eyes on his young master.

"Hark!" cried Nick o' the Night to himself, when for the second time he had taken position. "Some person is coming from the south. He must not interfere in this affair of mine. By my life! it may be Marion!"

Then, almost before the name of his chief had ceased to quiver on his lips, he gave the command for the second charge.

Again the horses sprang forward, and approached each other like arrows. The blood of each seemed tingling in their veins, and their eyes flashed like the eyes of their riders.

Nick o' the Night heard the noise of hoofs in the south. He feared that the unseen person must burst suddenly upon the dueling ground, and directly between him and his foe.

The road that led to the south joined the main one at the double oaks, and the young partisan hoped to meet the Tory beyond that point.

To do this he drove the spurs into Santee's bowels, and leaped forward in his eagerness. Would he pass the mouth of the southern road before the new-comer could dart from it and fling himself between the two horses? He bent his energies to the accomplishment of his desire, but in vain!

All at once a dark object bounded into the dueling road.

It seemed to come from the lowest boughs of the oaks, and in the center of the road it paused and remained there like a mass of iron.

The young patriot uttered a cry of horror. He threw his body erect, spoke to his horse, and flung him back upon his haunches with a powerful jerk at the rein.

Lancaster Wingdon was not so fortunate.

Singular to relate, he had not heard the sound of hoofs in the south; the wind had been against him, and he was not prepared for the sudden appearance of the apparition.

Therefore, he bounded against it with the force of the thunderbolt; he rooted it from its seemingly immovable position, and with it went to the ground with a wild shriek of terror and despair!

It was a terrible collision, and Nick o' the Night's face was deathly white as he witnessed it. His ears had saved him; but he wished that he had passed the road in time and engaged his enemy. He believed that the man bore to the ground to his doom.

Therefore, he bounded against it with the force of the thunderbolt; he rooted it from the purpose of putting an end to the duel; and the thought that his chief might be slain was enough to cause him to leap from the saddle, and hasten to the dark, struggling mass in the road.

The dog seeing his master's movement darted forward, and with a sharp cry of anger leaped over the prostrate horses and seized, by the shoulder, a man who was trying to rise.

Our romance approaches its end.

Helen was overjoyed to find herself once more in the old house, and the sisters I was going to say, again looked love and delight into each other's eyes.

Very soon Dorchester was wrested from the enemy, and the British found themselves confined to Charleston and the neighboring islands.

But one event threw a gloom over the country. The brave Colonel Hayne—one of the characters of our story—was captured by the enemy, taken to Charleston, and basely executed.

He was one of the noblest patriots of the South, and died like a hero—a martyr to the cause of American freedom.

By-and-by the last cloud of darkness passed from liberty's sky. A cry of rejoicing sounded throughout the land, for Cornwallis was taken, and the freedom of America secured.

Then Nick o' the Night sheathed his sword, and put the spurs aside; then Santee rested in the stables at Azalea, and Whig, his canine friend, slept in the shadow of its palmettoes. Then there was a double wedding at the old mansion, Marion giving one bride away, and Sumter the other.

"I believe he is dead," he said, and with the last word on his lips he approached the youth.

At touch of his hand Lancaster Wingdon did not move, and the patriot's eyes returned to the trooper.

"He is dead!"

"Then we have settled our accounts," and

the outlawed dragoon smiled. "But get me out of this, Nick o' the Night. I do not see that we should be enemies now."

"We are not enemies. Have you got the papers?"

"What papers?"

"Those which you took when you killed Hugh Latimer?"

"Yes," he said, after a pause. "They are in my bosom. Since that night I have been an outlaw. Colonel King's men have hunted me, so have Marion's. But I'll soon be free. Nick, I want to see my sister."

The boy extricated Jotham Nettleton, and with great difficulty assisted him to a place on Santee's back. Then he left the tragic spot, and when Nero, trembling with fear, crept from his place of concealment, he found the dawdling on his young master's forehead.

The rivalry that had existed between Nicholas Brandon and the young Tory was ended. The cause of the King had lost another sword.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH WHICH OUR STORY ENDS.

"THEY stood together in the staid, old fashioned parlor of the farm-house—Laura Payne and her lover, John Ellsworth. From this same room, nearly six months ago, had been carried the coffin of Laura's kind stepfather; and from the same spot, one week ago, went the coffin of her mother; and in this same room, in a very short time, John Ellsworth and Laura expected to stand for the ceremony which gave them to each other forever."

"Had expected, I should have said. For these deaths had left Laura as the sole home-keeper, with a load of debt resting upon the little farm, and the care of two young sisters. It was a heavy burden for the shoulders of a girl of eighteen, but Laura took it up bravely, determined to sacrifice all her own and prospects rather than betray her trust.

She sent for John, and told him what was before her, told him she could not and would not burden his life at its very outset with her weight of care. And offered him his freedom, or the alternative of waiting long years till her new duties were discharged, and she was free.

Long and earnestly John strove to combat her resolution. But Laura knew she had right on her side—she would not yield, hard as it was to resist him whom she so loved.

They stood together, John's strong arm about Laura's waist, her head resting on his broad breast, her long, rich brown hair, "gold in the sunlight, brown in the shade," falling against his shoulder, her soft brown eyes raised to the face which he bent over her, "Oh, how pale she is!"

"Quite certain, dearest Bertha. I left Marion's camp two hours since, and Helen was impatient to start."

The twain, Bertha Latimer and Captain Clayton, stood on the porch of the old mansion with anxious faces turned toward the road that run by it—the road over which Tarleton had often chased Marion, and vice versa. They were alone. The young girl was still arrayed in mourning garments, and her companion wore the plainest undress uniform allowed in the British army. She looked strangely at him while he spoke, and then said in a low tone:

"So you have really left the service, Grey-cliffe?"

"Yes, Bertha; these Americans are fighting for freedom; their wrongs and their gallantry have won my heart. I have been to their camp. They fight not for money; their food is coarse, the earth their pillow. Such men make the best patriots beneath the sun. I can not fight against them. My resignation is written; it will be accepted. Let the king's men call me trooper, traitor, if they like! but so long as I live I will never redraw my sword against liberty in any land."

Despite her monarchical proclivities Bertha Latimer's face glowed with enthusiasm, while he uttered his declaration, and when the last had fallen from his lips she gently touched his arm.

"I shall be the last to speak against your change of heart," she said. "Grey-cliffe, though I love the king's cause, I do not love you the less for deserting it. If the Americans succeed in this struggle, we shall not suffer. God will bless us under Washington's banner, as he has under the flag of Saint George."

Captain Clayton was about to reply when the tramp of a squadron fell upon his ears.

"Hark! they come!" he exclaimed, looking at Bertha.

"Helen, my sister, at last!"

A moment later the clinking of sabers was plainly heard, and a troop of cavalry drew rein before the mansion.

Bertha Latimer darted from the captain's side, and embraced a young girl whom the leader of the troop assisted from the saddle.

It was Helen!

Once more the old mansion stood before her; but he whom she had long called father was not present to greet her return.

Perhaps it was well that he had been called to his account, for the papers that Helen carried in her bosom—the papers taken by Jotham Nettleton from Azalea on the night of the master's murder, told her that he was a criminal. The great crime of Hugh Latimer's life was committed in the mother country. He wanted property, and after many base intrigues sent a young widow and two children to sea. His son villains off in the same vessel. The did their work. In the midst of a storm they scuttled the vessel—the Pict. The mother perished; but the children lived. The girl fell into Hugh Latimer's hands; so did many thousands of pounds. The child was Helen—not Helen Latimer, but Helen Nettleton! He fled with his ill-gotten wealth to Carolina, where he lived in ease, raising Helen beside him, and the wife of his own master, Bertha, as her sister. The widow's son also escaped the storm and the sailors' villainy. He grew to manhood, with a crown and an arrow, the crest of his house, in tattoo on his shoulder. He came to America in the king's service, and the reader has followed him through the thrilling scenes of our romance.

The papers taken from Azalea told the story of Helen's birth, and condemned Hugh Lat

A BAD FIGHT TO FACE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The eye once said unto the ear,
"You're stuck up mighty high,
You needn't be stuck up so much,
Though you are higher than I."

"From aloft you hearken to
All stories that may be,
And every scandal on the breeze
Is music for your drum."

"The nose turned up and viewed the eye:
"You'd better go to sleep,
I see I never liked your looks—
In neighbors' ways you peep."

"You only ope to spy the faults
And traits of your compeers;
You need a hundred lashes more,
And should be drowned in tears."

"The mouth then said unto the nose,
"What business, pray, have you
To poke in other folks' affairs,
As now I see you do?"

"Although before us you may go
You're sure to be the first
In every mischief that may rise,
And generally the worst."

"You need not sneeze, my friend, at this;
A grudge I long have owed;
I'd snub you, but you are too long,
So, Mr. Nose, be blowed."

"The ear then said unto the mouth:
"Your teeth have many bites,
And you are full of words of spite,
Which you at others spit."

"You've got entirely too much lip,
I'm nearer to the top
Than you are; you are given to talk,
You'd better shut your shop."

"And then an awful fight began
Which raged among them all;
The ear hopped down and cracked the eye,
The eye then fired its ball."

"And knocked the nose off its bridge;
The nose then turned about,
And gave the saucy mouth a blow;
That knocked its teeth clear out."

Viva's Life.

BY MARY REED CROWELL

"VIVA!" such a name for a girl I never heard in all my life! I do declare, Mrs. Austin, but it seems to me that maybe if you hadn't called her such a fancy fly-away name, the girl wouldn't be such a fancy, fly-away creature herself."

Little Mrs. Austin leaned her pale, sweet face nearer the sewing in the machine, and a tender flush of loving pride, strangely mingled with sadness, reddening her thin cheeks.

"I like pretty names, Mrs. Ellicot, and Harry wanted the baby called Viva, if it was a girl. Almost the last words he said were: 'I want the little one I never shall see, to be named Viva, if a daughter comes to you.' And I always did just as he said, and I am so glad I did, for I had him such a little, little while."

Mrs. Ellicot winked hard; it troubled her rough, kindly heart to see how this patient little woman governed all her actions now—after seventeen years of widowhood as she had earlier—by what she thought the dead lover-husband of her girlhood would have liked.

"I'm sure it's no business of mine, anyhow, Mrs. Austin, only I do venture to say and hope you will let the girl have her own head. She's as pretty as a picture—the very image of what her father was when he was boy, and her ways are very gay and—well, I suppose, some folks would say bewitching—I say giddy and light-hearted. You be careful of Viva Austin."

A little glow of anger, so seldom seen there, flamed in Mrs. Austin's eyes, and a quick response of maternal indignation defense was on her lips; but the door opened, and Viva herself came in—truly a picture, from the pale gold hair that was the exact hue of sunshine, and that seemed all a-quiver in its burnished rippling splendor, to the dainty little foot, short, faultlessly shaped, high arched, and booted so shapely and plainly as it danced in and out under her black alpaca street suit.

Truly a picture—with the big darkly violet eyes, dancing, sparkling eyes, with their thin white lids, fringed by heaviest chestnut-gold lashes, and shaded by thick brows; with the exquisite mouth so temptingly suggestive of a lover's ardent kisses, in its smiling, dimpled, pearl-teethed loveliness; with the delicate complexion like a lily petal, tinged ever so faintly with the rare hue one sees inside a conch-shell.

So plainly, poorly dressed, yet not a vestige of tawdry finery about her, Viva Austin had inherited too much of her artist-father's taste for that; so cheaply, commonly dressed, and yet a very miracle of perfect physical loveliness.

And—fly-away! headstrong! impatient of restraint? If Mrs. Ellicot had spoken truth, indeed God only could deliver her from the inevitable.

She came in, bringing the fragrance of the frosty outside world with her; with her quick, graceful step, and bowed to Mrs. Ellicot with a *grande air* a duchess might have vainly imitated. Then she threw off her plaid blanket swirl, and little felt hat and well-mended gloves.

"A letter at last, mamma—only think! and such news!—oh! such perfectly glorious news! I am sure if Mrs. Carscallen had dreamt what happiness she has offered me she never would have kept me waiting so long. She wants me to come, mamma; she has sent for me to come!"

Viva's sweet, contralto voice was fairly vibrant with excitement, and her face one passingly sweet illumination.

Mrs. Austin's own eyes glowed, but she looked deprecatingly at the eager face before her—at Mrs. Ellicot's stern, unapproving.

"I dare say Mrs. Carscallen means you a great kindness, dear, but do you think you had better go?"

Viva bent a puzzled look on her mother's face.

"Why, mamma dear, I thought it was all settled last fall when Mrs. Carscallen and Miss Edith and—and all of them told you I had a good vo' and it ought to be cultivated. Mrs. Ellicot, wouldn't it be a shame for me to lose such a grand chance? Why, I'll be a great singer—a prima-donna maybe, and I'll earn, oh! such lots of money, and mamma shall come to New York and be so happy."

The girl's enthusiasm made her even more beautiful than ever, but Mrs. Ellicot's smile was as cold as moonlight on ice.

"Such a giddy, ignorant child as you are, Viva! Of course your mother won't let you go, and I shall uphold her in it. To tell the truth, Viva, I think it isn't so much your high-falutin' music lessons you are after, as it is that black-eyed, mustached young Carscallen that used to be forever looking up in the choir when Elder Simmons was preaching."

A sudden vivid scarlet flushed in a tell-tale wave over Viva's face; then she crested her head in the haughty little way so common

with her—one of the half-unconscious faults that made people call her "too high-minded," "altogether too fly-away," "just like them Austins."

"Mrs. Ellicot, you can have no excuse for speaking that way to me; I can trust mamma to advise and reprove me."

"And do you take her advice, Viva? I'll run on home now, I've wasted my time too long as it is. Don't bear me a grudge, Viva; nor you, Mrs. Austin; only consider what I say—that New York's no place for a girl as pretty as Viva."

The girl's blue eyes glittered as the door closed on the guest.

"Mamma, don't mind what that horrid old woman says! The idea of my not going to New York because I happen to be a little bit pretty, or because Mr. Ernest Carscallen is there. Mamma, of course I know Mr. Carscallen is a rich, handsome gentleman, who will even think of a poor girl like me! And I do want to take singing lessons—oh! mamma, to me it would be almost as good as heaven to be a great singer—and, I am so tired—so tired of this little quiet town. Mamma—dear little mamma, you'll be good, and let me go, won't you?"

The girl's arms were around her neck in sweet coaxing, and her fragrant breath came in quiet exhalations.

It was a moment of fateful doubt. On one side—maternal longing that this bright creature should soar above her companions by means of the gift Nature had bestowed—an unselfish desire that the child might be happy in her own way; and on the other, a vague half-fear to trust her from the wings that bided over the house-nest.

A warm kiss from Viva's red lips thrilled the mother—and decided her, as many a pulsing kiss from eager lips has turned the scale of decision.

"Viva, dear, I will let you go, if you are sure you are willing to accept all of Mrs. Carscallen's conditions. No—not answer me yet, dear—for the eyes were laughing into her own, and the red lips parting breathlessly; "think a moment longer. Are you willing to accept a position in Mrs. Carscallen's nursery as little Una's maid, in partial return for the musical instruction the lady is willing to give you?"

A delicious little laugh trilled silvery on Mrs. Viva's lips.

"Mamma, I believe I'd consent to be sculley-maid to go! And I'll write back at once that I'll be there on Monday."

The late twilight had fallen over the city, and a crescent moon hung in the clear dark-blue, and a big, luminous star shone goldenly near it, not brighter or more luminous than Viva Austin's eyes, as she lifted them shyly to a dark, handsome face bent very near her own—a face with a black, gracefully-curled mustache and smiling mouth.

"So you think then, little Viva, that it is too good to be true? I sure I ought to be the one to wonder at your preference for me. Honestly, I hardly expected you would answer the little note I sent to meet me here in the library at this hour. Tell me again you love me, Viva."

Mr. Ernest Carscallen lifted the girl's beautiful face, all daintily flushed, to his admiring gaze.

"Oh, please don't, Mr. Carscallen! I can tell you just as well if I don't look at you."

The gentleman laughed softly.

"No, you can't! You shall kiss me, Viva! Kiss me, dear, because I love you."

He drew her to him warmly and pressed kisses on her sweet red lips.

"If it only could be so forever! But I must go, dear, now. And to-morrow night you'll be here again! Only take good care to destroy my little love-letters, dear, will you?"

He went away in the star-shine, so handsome and grand, and Viva's heart swelled with purest, sweetest rapture as she went into the big, well-lighted music-room to practice a difficult passage in trills.

Her splendid voice was rolling in great waves of melody that kept time to the glad beating of her heart, when Mrs. Carscallen sailed in—stealthily, haughty as an empress in her trained black silk dress, and diamonds gleaming like tremulous rainbows.

Viva glanced up, the smile on her lips frozen at the cold stare it met in return.

"Miss Austin, will you have the goodness to leave the house at once? My daughter Una can dispense with the services of such an immaculate young person as yourself, who boldly makes appointment to meet my son—my son in the bay window of the library. The carriage will take you to the depot in half an hour."

Viva's heart stood still with horror—then, when her proud young blood boiled as she sprang to her feet.

"It is not true! I never made an appointment with your son. How dare you insult me so?"

An icy little laugh scarcely parted Mrs. Carscallen's thin lips.

"That is very good, Miss Austin; I insult you, you, a young person who has deliberately made eyes at Mr. Ernest Carscallen! We need not waste words; you can leave the house at once. A telegram, explaining to your mother, will reach her before you start."

A great anguish flew to Viva's beautiful eyes, then a glow of indignation.

"You cruel, wicked woman! You need not think you can make my mother believe ill of me. I will go, but I will not have your carriage. I would die on the road first."

Her face was all ash-fush, her slight figure trembled like a lily stalk in a gust.

"As you please. You may take your pretty party if you want it."

She threw Ernest's note at her, and the girl's cheek blushed crimson as she picked it up—then she looked straight in Mrs. Carscallen's hard eyes.

"It is mine; your son sent it to me; you doubtless know its contents, and the answer it received. Your son loves me, madam, and you cannot hinder it."

Such an insolent laugh came through Mrs. Carscallen's closed lips.

"You brazen little imp! To think of the return you make for all I have been doing for you! He loves you, does he? And do you happen to know what the 'love' of a young gentleman of leisure and wealth means?"

Viva's eyes were steady and grave; then, a slow, pitiful pallor crept over her countenance.

"Mrs. Carscallen—you, a mother, to suggest such horror to me, a daughter!"

Her dignity was superb as she walked from the room, up to her own, to pack her trunk and take her leave.

Not to the depot—but straight to the office where she knew Ernest Carscallen would be at that hour for a short time.

He was lounging in a big easy chair when she went in, and an odd smile of surprise and delight crossed his face.

"Why, if it isn't little Viva, so anxious to

see me she had to come after me. Sit down, dear."

Viva laid her sashel on the table.

"Mr. Carscallen, your mother has turned me out of doors because—because—she found that note you sent this morning, and she says—"

The smile had faded from his eyes and lips.

"The deuce! my lady mother found it! Viva, what a precious muddle you've got me in!"

Viva's earnest eyes never left his face.

"And because I have told you I loved you, Mr. Carscallen—because I promised to be true, come what might, I have come to ask you to advise me. What shall I do?"

A frown corrugated his forehead.

"Do! I am blessed if I know of anything but to go home to your mother, and take my advice and burn your notes next time."

A perfect gust of pain swept over her face; he caught the expression, and went on, more tenderly.

"But, if you stay in the city—"

Viva remembered his mother's words and knew for a sick certainty what was coming.

"Mr. Carscallen—hush! Answer me just this. Did you mean what you have been saying these past six weeks when you told me you loved me—did you mean you loved me as an honorable gentleman does?"

A little flush surged over his handsome face.

"Of course I love you, Viva, this minute as well as ever; how could a fellow as susceptible as I help it, with such a dainty, charming little girl always in the house?"

Viva grew paler, and her eyes bigger and brighter.

"Mr. Carscallen, did you intend to make me your wife when you won my acknowledgment of affection from me?"

Her voice was low, intense and vibrant. Mr. Carscallen laughed uneasily.

"What a child you are! As if a fellow could kiss a pair of sweet lips without being expected to pay the penalty of mar—"

She lifted her hand, haughtily.

"That will do, sir. I am only too thankful to have learned your many sentiments."

She walked quietly from the office, her eyes almost opalescent in their concentrated glow, her lips and face ashen blue, as she went mechanically along the streets to the depot, where she purchased her ticket for home—oh, so pitifully different from the day she had left it.

An hour after, she stepped out on the little platform, her eyes still glowing, her face still white and set, to meet the first installment of Mrs. Carscallen's revenge—to meet insolent glances from the loungers at the station who had been favored with the scathing lie of Mrs. Carscallen's telegram.

It occurred to the girl at the moment, the reason, but she only creased her proud young head the higher, and walked along to the little cottage where lights seemed flashing hurriedly from window to window—where stern faces met hers as she pushed open the door of the sitting-room, to see her pale, fragile mother lying like a broken lily on the lounge, and on the table, where all who chose might read, a telegram, signed Eugenia Carscallen, that said:

"Your daughter has committed an indiscretion that shall be nameless. She has left my roof forever."

Viva's white lips gave a moan that would have melted anything less adamantine than those stern, straight-laced women's hearts.

"Do you believe it—does any one of you believe I am that foul lie insinuates? Does my mother believe it?"

Mrs. Ellicot smiled grimly as she raised her ear from Mrs. Austin's chest.

"She'll never tell you whether she believed it or not. She fell as if a lightning-stroke had fallen on her when she read it, and she'll never move again."

Viva stared with haunting, piteous eyes.

"My God! My God! is she dead? And nobody believes me—nobody believes me!" Mother, mother—I swear it is a lie! Mother, only tell me you don't believe it!"

She threw herself beside the pale dead face in a pitiful abandon of agony.

Mrs. Ellicot's cold, not unkindly tones roared her.

"There's no use taking on like that. She's been delicate a long while—ever since you went away. Get up; I'll see to your room."

Viva struggled slowly—only to fall impishly at Mrs. Ellicot's feet.

"Tell me you don't believe it! For the love of Heaven give me one kind word, or I shall go mad!"